

Dean Whitcomb



FEATURE

COMICS

243

OCTOBER

No. 61 70c



**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**

HERE IT IS!

POLICE COMICS

10¢

RUBBER
Salvage
COLLECTION

WITH
THE BEST
COMICS
EVER TO
REACH
THE
NEWS-
STANDS

Starting
**PLASTIC
MAN**
THE INDIA RUBBER
WIZARD WHO
BOUNCES, BENDS
STRETCHES, SHRINKS

TWO SMASHING LEAD FEATURES
PLASTIC MAN AND THE SPIRIT
PLUS MANHUNTER THE HUMAN BOMB
CHIC CARTER PHANTOM LADY
AND MANY OTHERS

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HER FIENDISH RAY HAS OPENED THE MINDS OF THESE GREAT MEN TO DE MORTIRE .. HER SECRETARIES SWIFTLY NOTE THE SCIENTIST S' MOST SECRET THOUGHTS..



MEANWHILE IN DR. ROBERT'S HOME



BUT WHAT'S KEEPING DAD.. HE'S AWFULLY LATE !!



INSTITUTE OF SCIENCE? I WANT TO TALK TO PRESIDENT KEEN..



DR. ROBERT'S ASSISTANT? OH, PLEASE, MR. DANE.. COME OVER RIGHT AWAY..



YOU SEE.. PRESIDENT KEEN..

HI, GATES.. WHAT'S BOILING ON THE FRONT BURNER?

HE'S IN THE SAME STATE.. WHAT ABOUT THE OTHERS?



THE OTHERS? NOT UNTIL THE FOLLOWING EVENING ARE THEY ALL ROUNDED UP...



BUT WHY ARE WE HERE?

WHO AM I?

YOU'RE DR. KWIK-MIND.. THE EXPERT IN..

OH, I'M AN EXPERT.. HOW PLEASANT.. ASK ME A QUESTION, DO!



THIS IS GHASTLY.. DARREL, WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

CHERCHEZ LA FEMME!



THE ONLY ONE WHO WASN'T FOUND WANDERING THE STREETS OR UNCONSCIOUS IN A LABORATORY WAS MADEMOISELLE DE MORTIRE..



NO ONE IN HER APARTMENT??



THEN!..



THIS IS A JOB FOR THE DOLL MAN..







NOW OUR
SCENE
SHIFTS
TO A
WEIRD
SETTING
OF
SILENCE,
MYSTERY,
AND
DEATH..

WHY DO THE FROGS DIE
IN THE MIDST OF THEIR
LEAPS OVER A CERTAIN
STEAMING SWAMP???



WHY DO MEN, MANY
MILES AWAY, WHISPER
IN WONDER AT THE
SHAFT OF LIGHT THAT
SHOOTS FROM THE
HEART OF THE SWAMP?!



WHY ARE THESE MEN
WORKING NIGHT AND
DAY COPYING WORDS,
WORDS, WORDS??



THE ANSWER..M'LLÉ.
DE MORTIRE..!

STEALING THEIR MINDS!
HAH! I WAS ONLY
SAVING TIME.
I COULD HAVE
CONCEIVED
THEIR IDEAS
MYSELF,
BUT LIFE
IS TOO
SHORT..



WITH THEIR
COLLECTIVE
WORK I SHALL
BECOME THE
GREATEST
SCIENTIST
OF ALL TIME
..NATIONS
WILL BOW
TO ME..



WHO IS
IT?

M'M'SELLE,
I MUST
SPEAK..



ALL THESE MONTHS
I HAVE WORKED
FOR YOU.. MY
LOVE HAS GROWN
..I CANNOT LIVE
WITHOUT...



FOOL! GET BACK TO
YOUR WORK.. NO MAN
CAN LOVE ME..



THERE IS NO PLACE
IN MY LIFE FOR LOVE..
MEN!! THE SCOURGE
OF CIVILIZATION..



I AM ALONE LIKE
THE COLD, BRIGHT
LADY MOON.. SHE
AND I ALIKE, SCORN
THE WORLD
OF MEN..



MEANWHILE.. THE DOLL MAN
RIDES A STEED OF THE
NIGHT...



DEAD FROGS!
THE SWAMP IS
POISONED! THAT'S
HOW SHE GUARDS
HERSELF..











Mlle. DE MORTIRE,
MY DEAR.. YOUR
SISTER HAS CRUELLY
DECEIVED YOU.. SEE..
YOUR STEPHAN WAS
A HERO!

OH!



SOB.. SOB..
I UNDERSTAND IT
NOW.. BECAUSE
SHE IS SO HIDEOUS
SHE COULD NOT STAND
TO SEE ME
HAPPY!!



I AM NO
HERO,
YVETTE..
BUT I
WOULD
LIKE TO
TRY TO
MAKE YOU
HAPPY..

YOU
ARE
KIND..



ER.. I DON'T WANT
TO INTRUDE.. BUT
WHAT ABOUT
THOSE SCIENTISTS
WHO ARE WAN-
DERING ABOUT
EMPTY-HEADED?



THAT VERY EVENING...

THE RAY HAS RETROACTIVE POWERS
..WHEN APPLIED A SECOND
TIME... SEE.. THEY ARE
COMING OUT OF IT!!

WHAT?
HAVE I
BEEN
ASLEEP?

SOMEONE
MUST HAVE
ADMINISTERED
A PORTION
OF FINN
MICHEL-
ORUM!!



THE POISON IS DRAINED FROM THE SWAMP..

IT WAS FINE OF YOU
TO DONATE YOUR
LABORATORY AND
ENTIRE STAFF
TO SCIENCE!!

OH, DON'T, PLEASE..
WHY THEY EVEN THANKED
ME FOR PRINTING
PAMPHLETS OF THEIR
WORK.. THEY DON'T
KNOW I HAD MY
NAME REMOVED FROM
THE TITLES!!



IT WON'T BE
HARD FOR ME
TO **LOSE** MY
HATRED
FOR
MEN..



HMM.. SHE'S REALLY
DEVELOPING INTO A LOVELY
WOMAN.. WITH CHARM
AND A BRAIN LIKE THAT..
AND WHAT A
FIG!..

DARREL!



THAT SECRETARY
IS ONE LUCKY
MAN!!

HMM.. IT
WON'T BE HARD
FOR ME TO
FIND A
HATRED
FOR
MEN!!



Watch for the next daring adventure of The Doll Man in the November issue of FEATURE COMICS.

BIG TOP



BAH!
LOOK
AT ME!

I'M SICK O' BEING
A SAD FOP A
LIVIN'!

LOOKIT
THEM
FOOLISH
FALSE
FEET!



IT'S THE WELL-BROOMED
MAN WHO WINS! REMEMBER
IT'S THE BEST-DRESSED MAN
WHO GETS THE BIGGER JOB!
EMPLOYERS PICK ONLY THOSE
OF FAULTLESS
ATTIRE FOR POSTS
OF DIGNITY AND
DISTINCTION



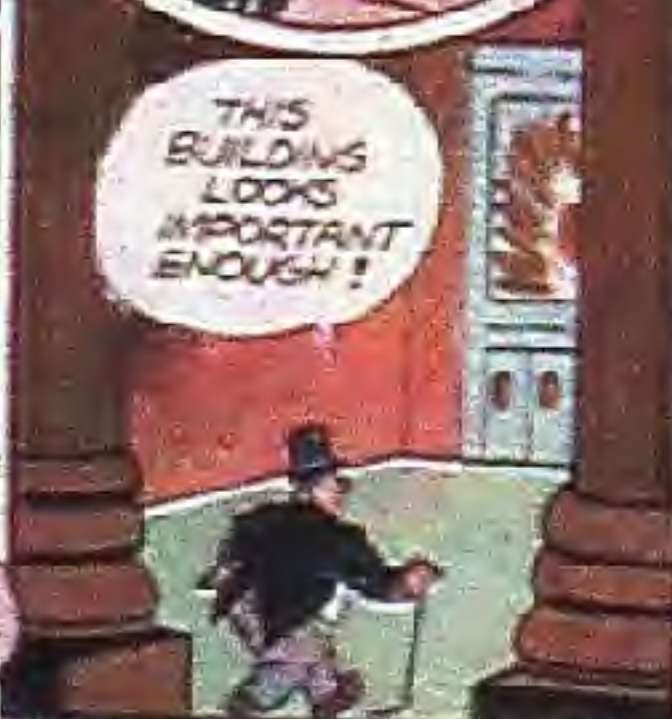
I'LL ACT
ON THAT
TIP RIGHT
NOW

DRESS
SUITS
TO
HIRE



HAVE 'EM
BACK
BY SIX
P.M.!

BY SIX P.M. ...
I'LL BE BACK
AND BUY YOUR
STORE!



THIS
BUILDING
LOOKS
IMPORTANT
ENOUGH!



BEEPO
PRODUCTS
INC.

GENERAL
MANAGER

I'LL TRY
THIS OUTFIT
FIRST.

AND
FAREWELL
TO
FEET!



SORRY, MY MAN - NOTHING
OPEN IN THE
EXECUTIVE LINE AT
PRESENT - NOT
EVEN A VICE-
PRESIDENCY!



BUT I'LL CONSULT OUR
BOARD OF DIRECTORS ABOUT
A NEW POST I THOUGHT OF
CREATING - WAIT RIGHT
HERE!

YES,
SIR!



THE VERY MAN, GENTLE-
MEN, WE'VE BEEN LOOKING
FOR - - - - - ETC. ETC.



CONGRATULATIONS, MY BOY!
YOU'RE APPOINTED TO OUR
PROMOTION DEPT. EFFECTIVE
AT ONCE! BEEPO PRO-
DUCTS WILL GIVE YOU
EVERY CHANCE TO
MAKE GOOD



TRY
BEEPO
FOR
BUNIONS

Big Top



THE CIRCUS
HAD A NICE
CROWD TODAY AND
THAT BOX OFFICE
LOOKS LIKE
EASY PICKINGS!

AND SO
TO WORK!

FER MINES
SAKE-WHERE-A
GET IT? DROP
THAT THING,
DYA HEAR!

FER
DITY'S SAKE
DON'T STOP,
CLEO! HE LOVES
DANCIN' AN' IT
TAKE HIS
MIND OFF
TRIGGERS!

BUT I
CAN'T
KEEP IT
UP FOR
EVER!

WHAT
GOES
ON HERE?

ALL I
KNOW
BOSS,
IS HE'S
GOT THE
DROD ON
THE BUNCH
OF US!

PLEASE GIMME
THE GUN, MCJOCKO.
PRETTY PLEASE!

BUT
MUST HE
TAKE MY
TROUSERS
TOO?

HE FANCIES 'EM,
BOSS, AND BETTER
PANTSLESS THAN
LIFELESS!

REACH FER DA RAFTERS,
HELLO - DIS IS A
STICK-
UP!

WHERE'S
ME GUN?
SOMEBODY
SWIPED
IT!

WELL,
DERES
CROOKS
ON DIS
LOT!

WHAT
TH-?

WHO LET THAT
HERO MONK OUT
AND SAVED ME THOUSANDS?
WHY, THERE AN'T ANY
THING TOO GOOD
FOR HIM!

WHY,
ER
DID
BOSS!

JUST A
CHUMP
FOR A
CHIMP-
ATD ME!

HERO MONK
McJOCKO
GENIUS APE
CAPTURED BANDIT

ZERO

GHOST DETECTIVE
By Noel Fowler

RESTLESS SPIRITS TOSS IN THEIR GRAVES AND SHUDDERING MOANS FILL THE AIR WITH THREATS OF DESTRUCTION TO THE LIVING. FORCING ZERO TO TAKE MEASURES TO COMBAT THE INVISIBLE MENACE.



WEEKS LATER, THE TRIAL OF THE SCIENTIST BEGINS...



MR. WINDSOR, DIDN'T YOU AND YOUR PARTNER, PON, EXPERIMENT ON REINCARNATION OF THE DEAD!

WELL, YES, BUT I NEVER THOUGHT HE WOULD STOOD TO MURDER JUST TO...



NO! NO! I DIDN'T KILL HER... IT'S A LIE! I DIDN'T...

SHUT UP, YOU SIT DOWN!

AN INTERESTED SPECTATOR AT THE TRIAL, IS THE FAMOUS GHOST DETECTIVE.



QUIET! QUIET IN THE COURTROOM... IN VIEW OF THE DEFENDANT'S OUTBURST, TRIAL IS ADJOURNED UNTIL TEN O'CLOCK TOMORROW MORNING...



REINCARNATION EXPERIMENTS, EH? I THINK I'LL PAY PON A VISIT!



I'M TRYING TO HELP YOU, MR. PON. TELL ME WHAT YOU KNOW!

I HAVEN'T BEEN TO THE LAB FOR DAYS, WINDSOR... THE FIEND... HE MIGHT HAVE KILLED MATILDA. HE WAS WORKING ON EXPERIMENTS BRINGING PEOPLE BACK FROM THE DEAD!



WINDSOR... HMM... IF YOU'RE INNOCENT, I'LL DO EVERYTHING POSSIBLE TO CLEAR YOU... JUST SIT TIGHT, MR. PON!



I'M INNOCENT, MR. ZERO... BELIEVE ME... I SWEAR IT!

MR. WINDSOR IS ABOUT TO HAVE A VISITOR. HOPE HE'S GLAD TO SEE ME.







IN THE MEANTIME...
ZERO COMES TO...
LOOKS LIKE I'M IN
A DUMBYWATER,
I'LL LET IT
DOWN TO
THE CELLAR!



SO YOU RAILED... LOOK!
THE DUMBYWATER! IT'S
MOVING!



HURRY!
BEFORE
HE GETS
AWAY!



MY LITTLE GHOST
DISINTEGRATOR
OUGHT TO SEND
YOU BACK TO YOUR
GRAVE WHERE
YOU BELONG!



IT'S YOUR TURN NOW,
WINDSOR! YOUR MURDERING
DAYS ARE OVER!



THAT'S IN PAYMENT
FOR THE
CHLORFORM
TREATMENT
AND TRYING
TO BRAVE
AN INNO-
CENT
MAN!

POW



OWWWW



THE NEXT DAY, AT THE
TRIAL...

JUST A
MINUTE,
YOUR HONOR!
I HAVE THE
MURDERER
OF THE HOUSE
KEEPER, AND
HERE'S THE
EVIDENCE!



YES, ZERO, THIS
DEFINITELY
CLEARS PONI!
YOU DID A FINE
THING, AND THE
COURT IS
GRATEFUL!

HOW CAN
I EVER
THANK YOU,
MR. ZERO?

BY GIVING
AMERICA
OUR SCIENTI-
FIC KNOWLEDGE

Another Zero mystery in the November issue of **FEATURE COMICS**.

THE SPIDER WIDOW

AND THE RAVEN



LOOK, RAVEN!
THE ENTIRE
ARMY IS
FOLLOWING
US!

I WISH I
COULD FORGET ABOUT
THIS "RAVEN", WHOEVER
HE IS.... YET IF IT
HADN'T BEEN FOR HIM
I'D BE IN A NAZI
CONCENTRATION
CAMP BY NOW!



THOUGH THESE THOUGHTS DIANNE GRAYTON, THE
MYSTERIOUS "SPIDER WIDOW", BUSIES HERSELF
ABOARD THE MIDNIGHT EXPRESS AS IT ROARS INTO
THE MOUNTAIN COUNTRY OF THE EAST COAST.

SEATED ACROSS FROM HER
IS AN EQUALLY PREOCCUPIED
YOUNG MAN.



I THOUGHT
SURE I'D FIND OUT
WHO THE SPIDER WIDOW
IS BEFORE I LEFT NEW
YORK. I DON'T SUPPOSE
I'LL EVER SEE HER
AGAIN.

SO THEY BOTH SIT STARRING
OUT THE WINDOWS, OBVIOUS
OF THE FACT THAT EACH IS
THINKING OF THE OTHER.



LOST IN HER REVERIE, DIANNE DOES NOT NOTICE
THAT HER MAGAZINE HAS SLIPPED TO THE FLOOR
— UNTIL A HALF DOZEN SOLDIERS LEAP TO
RETRIEVE IT...



I GOT IT!

I GOT
IT!

OH!

I GOT
IT!

I GOT
IT!

I GOT
IT!



BUT AS THE TRUCK REELS
THE UPTURNED WRECK OF
A FULLY-ARMED CAR...



THE RAVEN
JOINS THE PARTY!



SOME TIME LATER

THEY'RE TURNING
INTO THE WOODS
NOW. THIS MUST
BE THEIR
HIDEOUT!



ALL RIGHT, YOU
CAN GET OUT NOW.
THIS IS WHERE YOU
ARE GOING TO
STAY FOR SOME-
TIME TO COME!



IN HERE!
COME ON,
COME ON!
YOU STUPID
PIGS!



NOT YOU, LOVELY
ONE, YOU WILL
SERVE ME AT
SUPPER TONIGHT!



OW! PLEASE
YOU'RE
HURTING
MY ARM!

A GALLANT
COLONEL COMES
TO DIANNE'S AID



WHY
YOU-

— AND IS
PROMPTLY SHOT.

THAT'S JUST TO
SHOW YOU I
MEAN
BUSINESS!



NOW—
COME
HERE!



YOU LITTLE—
X X X X X



LIKE A BOLT OF
THUNDER,
THE RAVEN
SHRIEKS DOWN
OUT OF THE
INKY HEAVENS!







LOOK! IT'S THE WHOLE
BLESSED ARMY OUT
ON MANEUVERS!

HALT!

THE COMMANDING OFFICER
HEARS THEIR STORY...

WE'VE BEEN NOTIFIED
OF THE WRECK. WE
ARE MOBILIZED
TO ROUND UP
THE GANG
NOW!



O.K. ARMY,
WE'LL TAKE
YOU RIGHT
TO THEM!

PROCEED!



CHARGE!

OH BOY-O-BOY!!!
THIS IS SOMETHING I'VE
WANTED TO DO EVER
SINCE I WAS A
LITTLE KID!



DIVIDE YOUR
FORCES AND
SURROUND
THE CABIN!



THE GUN MEN GIVE UP WITHOUT
HESITATION,

D-DONT
SH-OOT!



THE NAZI LEADER
HOWEVER, TRIES TO
ESCAPE VIA A
HIDDEN EXIT.



BUT IS
IMMEDIATELY
RETRIEVED BY
THE RAVEN!

GOTCHA!



BUT I DON'T
WANTCHA!

OOF!



AND WITH THAT THE
RAVEN AND THE
GIRL KNOWN AS
"THE SPIDER WIDOW"
ROE AWAY.



NOW WHO IN THE BLAZES
WERE THOSE TWO?
THIS IS GOING TO
SOUND REDICULOUS
WHEN I MAKE-OUT
MY REPORT!

WILL
DIANNE
FIND OUT
WHO
THE
RAVEN
IS?

The Spider Widow appears in each and every issue of FEATURE COMICS.

NIPPIE
HEY
OPEN
CLOSER

1111

WHAT IS IT THAT YOU FOUND, NIPPE?

A BUNK CARTRIDGE FROM A PISTOL! AND IT HADN'T BEEN FIRED!

A BUNK CARTRIDGE
FROM A PISTOL!
AND IT HADN'T
BEEN FIRED!

WHY NOT? THIS
ROCK WILL DO
THE TRICK EASY!
NO MESS, NO...



MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD

FIVE MICHELLE THE
BOTH AT CLARK'S
ARE GOING OUT WITH
OF 100 - IN CLARK'S
CART

WERE YOU EVER UP IN A PLANE, UNCLE PHIL?

CERTAINLY! SUPPOSE I USED TO BE A DAREDEVIL IN A FLYING CIRQUE!

PHIL! WHAT DO YOU WANT TO LIE TO THE BOY LIKE THAT FOR?

CERTAINLY
SUPPORT I
USED TO BE
A DANCER
IN A FLYING
CIRCUS

PHIL: WHAT
DO YOU WANT
TO BE TO
THE BOY
LIKE THAT

YOU ARE! YOU'D BE
SCARED STIFF IF YOU
EVER GOT ONE FOOT
OFF THE GROUND!

YOU WOULDN'T
WANT TO BE
ON THAT
WOLF TOUR

I'LL BET YOU ALL YOU WANT TO BET!

OHNO! I'LL BET YOU TEN BUCKS THAT IF YOU WENT UP IN ONE OF THESE PLANES YOU'D HAVE TO BE CARRIED OFF THE FIELD WHEN YOU CAME DOWN!

OKAY! I'LL BET YOU TEN
BUCKS THAT IF YOU
WENT UP IN ONE OF
THESE PLANES YOU'D HAVE
TO BE CARRIED OFF THE
FIELD WHEN YOU CAME
DOWN!

I'LL TAKE THAT BET, HOOVERMAN! AND SOME DAY I HOPE TO HAVE THE OPPORTUNITY TO SETTLE IT!

WE CAN SETTLE IT RIGHT NOW! DIDN'T YOU GET ONE OF THESE CIGARETTES WHEN YOU CAME IN?

WE CAN SETTLE IT RIGHT
NOW! DON'T YOU GET
ONE OF THESE CIRCULARS
TODAY! YOU CAN'T BE

A man in a dark suit and a brown hat is shown in profile, looking down at a newspaper he is holding with both hands. The newspaper has several columns of text and a small illustration. The background is a solid, vibrant red.

VERY INTERESTING!
BUT I—AH—DON'T
HAPPEN TO HAVE A
DOLLAR THAT I
CAN SPARE!

WELL, I HAVE!
—AND IT'LL BE
WORTH A DOLLAR
TO SHOW YOU UP!

WELL, I HAVE!
—AND IT'LL BE
WORTH A DOLLAR
TO SHOW YOU UP!

—AND BESIDES I JUST HAPPEN TO REMEMBER THAT MY LIFE INSURANCE POLICY HAS A "NO FLYING" CLAUSE IN IT!

YOU DON'T EVEN CARRY LIFE INSURANCE! WHY DON'T YOU ADMIT YOU'RE AFRAID TO GO UP!

YOU DON'T EVEN
CARRY LIFE
INSURANCE! WHY
DON'T YOU ADMIT
YOU'RE AFRAID
TO GO UP!

SPROKEN
LIFE IN
A
WALK
SUNNY

VERY WELL
H. H. H. H.
S. S. S. S.
T. T. T. T.
P. P. P. P.

THEY JUST
CIRCLE THE
FIELD AND
COME DOWN
—SO DON'T
BE SCARED—

WHY
DIDN'T I
W-KEEP
MY-
BIG
M-MOUTH
S-S-SHUT

HE'S A W-ICE-GUY
AND HE CLAIMS
HE USED TO DO
STUNT WORK—
THAT'S FIVE
BUCKS AND
S-S-SHUT
ONE AND THE
WORKS!

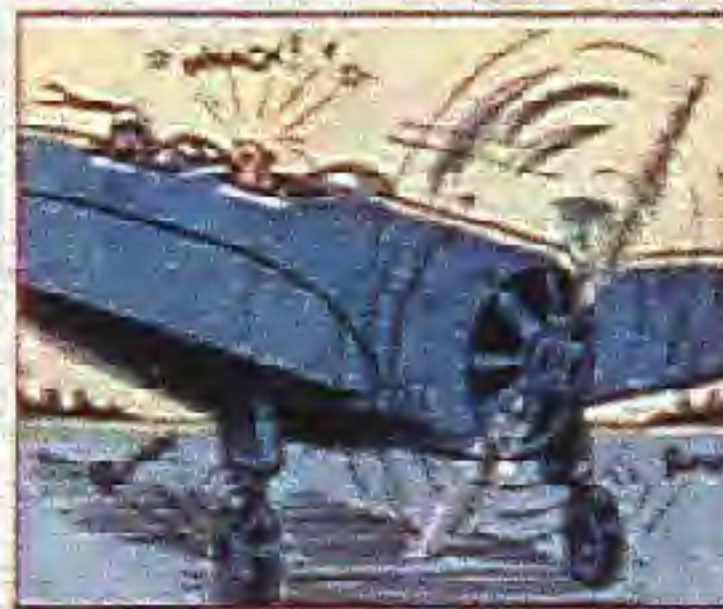
I GET
IT
O-OW!

HE'S A WISE-GUY
AND HE CLAIMS
HE USED TO DO
STUNT FLYING—
THAT'S FIVE
THREE SUITS AND
IT'S THE
WORKS!



MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD



NIPPIE

25¢

SEE NIPPIE—
AREN'T WE
GONNA HIRE
A BATH HOUSE?

NO! WE'LL DRESS
UNDER HERE AND
SAVE THE MONEY
FOR ICE CREAM!

WE MIGHT
GET ARRESTED
IT'S AGAINST
THE LAW TO
DRESS ON
THE BEACH—OURSELVES!

SHAME THE
COPS DON'T
SEE US!
THEY'RE A
BUNCH OF
FOOLS!

MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD

SO MR. MINTMORE
IS STILL IN TOWN,
ISN'T HE?

YEAH, TOM—HE SAID HE'S
HAVING SUCH A GOOD
TIME WITH UNCLE PHIL.
HE WANTS TO GO BACK
HOME! THEY WENT TO
THE RACES TODAY!

I'M AFRAID YOU DON'T WELL, I'VE GOT THE
KNOW-AN-RICH ABOUT WINNER IN THE
HORSES AS YOU THINK! NEXT ONE, MR.
PHIL—YOU HAVEN'T MINTMORE! IT'S
PICKED A WINNER—BARTLEDORE! YOU
WANT HERE WHILE I
GO DOWN TO THE
PRODOCK AND LOOK
HIM OVER!

WHY HELLO,
BONSTOCK! I
THOUGHT YOU
WERE CRUISING
ON YOUR YACHT!

WELL, WELL! MINTMORE!
I'M HERE TO SEE ONE OF
MY HORSES RUN—FRANKY
FRANKY IN THE NEXT RACE—
GET DOWN A GOOD BET
ON HIM! HE CAN'T LOSE!

IS THAT
BARTLEDORE?

YEAH—BUT HE AIN'T GOT
A CHANCE! "GOLDBRICK"
IS GONNA WIN
THIS NEXT
RACE!

WHAT
MAKES
YOU SO
SURE OF
"GOLDBRICK"?
MY WIFE'S SISTER IS SOME
AROUND WITH A BARTENDER
WHO IS A PERSONAL FRIEND
OF THE JOCKEY'S COUSIN—
THEY'VE BEEN ROUTING FOR
THE RACE FOR WEEKS!
IT'S IN THE BAG!

I DON'T LIKE THE
WIFE OF BARTLEDORE!
LOOK, MR. MINTMORE!
SO YOU CHANGED MY
MIND—WELL, BET ON
"GOLDBRICK"—NO 5!

NO, PHIL! WE'RE BETTING
ON "FRANKY FRANKY"
THE OWNER IS AN OLD
FRIEND OF MINE AND
AND HE JUST TOLD
ME IT'S A SURE THING
HERE'S \$100—GET IT
DOWN AND WE'LL GET
40-50!

NOW LET'S SEE—DO
HE SAY "FRANKY FRANKY"
OR "HONKY TONKY"? OH,
YES—I REMEMBER!

BUT PHIL THIS
IS A TICKET ON
"HONKY TONKY"
—I SAID
"FRANKY FRANKY"!

WHAT?
THEY'RE
OFF!

O-O-O-OH!
HOW COULD I
HAVE MADE A
MISTAKE LIKE
THAT?

WELL, FORGET IT, PHIL!
I CAN AFFORD TO LOSE
THE \$100—LET'S
WATCH THE
RACE!

BY JOE, PHIL—WE'D
HAVE LOST ANYWAY!
A GREY HORSE IS
GOING TO WIN—
NO. 6!

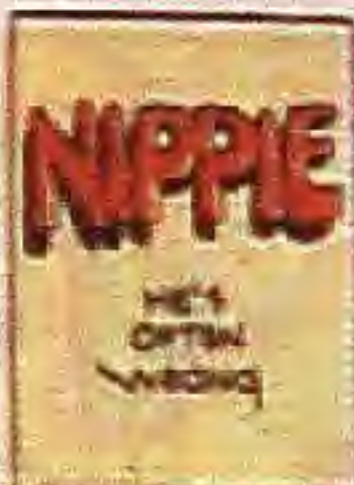
NO. 6?

STAND
BACK!

GIVE HIM
AIR!

NOW DO YOU HAPPEN
TO PICK A LONG SHOT
LIKE "HONKY TONKY"?
PHIL? YOU SURE
ARE LUCKY!

WHAT'D YA MEAN,
LUCKY? I'M A STUDENT
OF FORTUNE, CLANCY,
AND I KNOW HE WAS
DUE TO WIN TODAY!



MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD



Follow Mickey Finn in the November issue of FEATURE COMICS—on sale September 23rd.



SOMEWHERE NEAR THE
BORDER, NAZI SEAMEN
ARE INTERRED IN ONE OF
THE U.S. CONCENTRATION
CAMPS...



BUT ALL THAT IS
FOUND, A JAGGED
HOLE IN THE BARBED
FENCE...



POSES ROAM THE MESAS



NOT TILL THREE DAYS
LATER DOES WORD
REACH THE FARGO KID...



HE SPURS INTO ACTION
AT ONCE...







BUT THE FARGO KID'S BEEN PLAYING POSSUM...
SUDDENLY HE LET'S FLY WITH ALL HE'S GOT...



Don't miss the next installment of The Fargo Kid next month in FEATURE COMICS





Enjoy Lala Palooza and Vincent again in the November issue of **FEATURE COMICS**.

Swing by Sisson

PHIL
MARTIN



BANDLEADER SWING SISSON TAKES HIS BAND ON A TOUR OF ARMY POSTS, BUT GUNS AND FISTS ARE THE INSTRUMENTS USED FOR AMERICAN DEFENSE MUSIC...

A CHARTERED PLANE SPEEDS SWING AND HIS BAND TO SEATTLE...



I CAN SEE THE LIGHTS OF SEATTLE, TOBY!

YEP, SWING! AND WE'LL SOON BE PLAYING FOR THE ARMY BOYS!

OH, OH! AND THERE GO THE LIGHTS!
IT'S A BLACKOUT, BUT LOOK!



A LARGE FIRE ON A HILLSIDE BURNS BRIGHTLY...



AT THE ARMY AIRPORT
AFTER THE "ALL CLEAR"
SOUND...

THAT FIRE
YOU REPORTED WAS
THE WORK OF ENEMY
AGENTS! WE MUST
ALL BE ON THE ALERT
FOR SABOTAGE!

LATER THAT EVENING:

A FINE GROUP OF MEN,
EH, SWING?

NONE
BETTER!

U.S.O. DANCE



AFTER
THE
DANCE
...

THERE GOES THE
AIR RAID ALARM
AGAIN!

EVERYBODY
OUT!!



FUNNY! THE PEOPLE IN
THIS HOUSE ARE
CERTAINLY SLOW
ABOUT TURNING
OFF THEIR LIGHTS!

I HOPE
THEY'RE
FRIENDLY!

NO, YOU CAN'T
COME IN!
SCRAM!



THE DOOR IS SLAMMED
IN THEIR FACES...

SOMETHING'S
PHONEY HERE!
LET'S CRASH
IN!

OKAY,
SWING!



JUST THEN...THE DOOR
OPENS...

SINCE
YOU INSIST,
COME IN!!

INSIDE!

SO
YOU'RE WORRIED
ABOUT OUR
LIGHTS?

AND I'M
GONNA
PUT YOURS
OUT NOW!



THAT'S WHAT
I MEAN BY
"LIGHTS OUT",
MISTER!

UGH!



THREE OTHER MEN RUSH IN FROM ANOTHER ROOM...

SO YOU AMERICANS ARE LOOKING FOR TROUBLE, EH?



HERE'S HOW AMERICA HANDLES RATS!



THE ENEMIES ARE TAKING A BEATING WHEN SUDDENLY....

I MUST GET OUT OF HERE! THIS TEAR GAS BOMB WILL...



CLOUDS OF GAS FLOAT OVER THE ROOM...

DON'T LET ANYONE GET AWAY!



BUT THE ENEMY AGENT MAKES HIS EXIT THROUGH A WINDOW....



THE TEAR GAS FORCES THEM OUTSIDE... BUT THE FOREIGN AGENTS ARE CAPTURED... ALL EXCEPT...

THERE HE GOES!

YEAH! AND IN MY CAB!



THEY RE-ENTER THE HOUSE AS THE "ALL CLEAR" SOUNDS...

I'LL CALL THE ARMY POST!



ALL I CAN FIND ARE SOME RADIC CLIPPINGS!



A LITTLE LATER...

THEN THERE'S
SOMETHING
BEHIND
ALL
THIS?

RIGHT,
SWING!
WE MUST
BE ON
THE
ALERT!

NEXT DAY IN A DOWN-
TOWN HOTEL...

...AND I WAS
THE ONLY
ONE WHO
ESCAPED!

GET
INTO
THAT
FAKE
UNIFORM,
FRITZ. WE
STRIKE
TONIGHT!

SOON...AS BONNIE
SITS IN THE HOTEL
LOBBY...

WHY---
THAT'S THE
NAZI WHO
ESCAPED!

OUTSIDE:

THIS
PHONEY'S
UP TO SOMETHING!
I'LL TRAIL
HIM!

RADIO CLIPPINGS!
RADIO STATION!
I WONDER....

INSIDE THE MANAGER'S
OFFICE...

I'LL
HAVE AN IMPORTANT
NEWS BULLETIN TO
READ AT 7 O'CLOCK!

THAT
CAN
BE
ARRANGED!

AS THE NAZI
LEAVES THE
OFFICE,
BONNIE ENTERS.

YOU MEAN HE
ARRANGED FOR
A 7 O'CLOCK
NEWS BROADCAST?
MAY I USE YOUR
PHONE?

THANKS, MISS
BAXTER....
WE'LL BE
PREPARED!

REJOINING SWING AND TOBY,
BONNIE TELLS HER STORY...

I GET IT! THIS
BROADCAST IS TO
PANIC
THE
NATION.

YOU MEAN LIKE
THAT ORSON
WELLS
"MARS"
BROADCAST?



AFTER THE FOUR ARE CAPTURED,



START FOR THE RADIO STATION AND STRIKE FOR THE FATHERLAND!

HEIL, HITLER!



IS EVERYTHING IN ORDER FOR MY BROADCAST?

EVERYTHING IS ALL SET!

LATER THE SPY ARRIVES AT THE RADIO STATION



YOUR GAME IS UP, RATZ!

RESISTING THE AMERICAN OFFICER'S COMMAND, THE NAZI IS SHOT...



A HOTEL KEY! ROOM 813! MAYBE



AT THE HOTEL AFTER THE ROUND-UP OF NAZIS AT THE RADIO STATION...



EIGHTH FLOOR, PLEASE!

IN ROOM 813! THAT TAKES CARE OF ANOTHER NAZI!



LOOKS LIKE THE SITUATION IS WELL IN HAND, CAPTAIN!

AT LAST SOMEBODY HAD TO RESCUE SWING Sisson!



WHAT'S OUR FIRST TUNE, SWING?

THE ALMA MATER OF ALL AMERICANS!



O'ER THE LAND OF THE FREE AND THE HOME OF THE BRAVE.

Turn in on Swing Sisson each month in FEATURE COMICS.

POISON IVY

THE MIGHTY MITE
BY GILL FOX

HAVE YOU EVER WONDERED
WHAT HAPPENS TO ALL THE
REWARD MONEY POISON MAKES
CATCHING CROOKS? LET'S FIND OUT.

HERE'S YOUR \$10,000 REWARD
FOR CAPTURING "ROTTEN"
TOTTEN, POISON!

THANKS, I COULD
USE SOME
CHANGE!



LEAVING
THE
POLICE
STATION
POISON
HEADS
FOR AN
ICE CREAM
PARLOR

VANILLA! O BOY!



ICE CREAM
PARLOR

VANILLA
ICE CREAM
SPECIAL
TODAY!

ONE VANILLA
ICE CREAM
CONE!



LET'S SEE... AT 5 CENTS
A CONE, MY \$10,000
WILL BUY ME
200,000
VANILLA CONES!
I HOPE THEY
DON'T SPOIL
MY APPETITE!



WHOOEE!
THIS IS A
BLACKOUT!



HEY! DON'T YOU
KNOW THERE'S A
BLACKOUT?

YEAH,
SO WHAT?



YOU'RE UNDER
ARREST! THAT'S
WHAT!



HEY!
WHAT'D
I DO?!

THERE HE WAS ILLUMINATING THE WHOLE
STREET WITH A VANILLA
ICE CREAM CONE DURING
THE BLACKOUT!



DON'T YOU KNOW ONLY
CHOCOLATE CONES ARE
ALLOWED
DURING A
BLACKOUT?!

Poison Ivy comes to you in each issue of FEATURE COMICS.

REYNOLDS

by
BOB
DRAKE

OF THE MOUNTED

WITHIN THE WALLS
OF THE DUSTY, OLD
FORTRESS, THE FATE
OF A CONTINENT
RESTED UPON THE
BROAD SHOULDERS OF
SERGEANT REYNOLDS
AND HIS TRUSTED
FRIEND AND GUIDE,
FLATFOOT CHARLIE.



THAT'S
AN OLD FORT
BUILT WAY
BACK IN
1600—FULL
OF GHOSTS
BY NOW—
HA-HA!

SERGEANT
MAKE-UM JOKE
BUT FLATFOOT
SEE LIGHT ON
WALL!

GREAT SCOT!
I SEE
IT NOW—
C'MON, PAL—
WED BETTER
LOOK INTO
THIS!

AS USUAL,
FLATFOOT
OPEN-UM BIG
MOUTH!
UGH—

THAT
NIGHT!







SHARK-UMS!
FLATFOOT'S
TRUSTED KNIFE
TAKE-UM
CADE OF
'EM!



WITH POWERFUL STROKES HE
DODGES THE ONCOMING SHARK



TOO BAD
SHARK-UM NOT
EAT-UM TONIGHT...
IF YOU'RE GOOD
FLATFOOT SEND-UM
FEW JAD SOLDIERS
FOR 'BIG
FEAST!



MEANWHILE...

YOU WILL COME
SILENTLY WITH
US, MOUNTIE! SO SORRY
YOUR REDSKIN FRIEND
WILL BE GONE FOR
LONG TIME!

WHA-?



Ooo!! FLATFOOT
INSIDE
DUNGEON!



FLATFOOT LOST-
WAIT-UM!
DOOR AHEAD...
NOISE
SOUND
LIKE--



DUNGEON AIR
MAKE RADIO
MAN SLEEPY...
FLATFOOT
JUST IN TIME...



...TO PUT HIM TO
SLEEP FOR
LONG TIME!

IN ANOTHER PART OF THE FORT.



SO YOU'VE GOT SOLDIERS HERE--?

YES, MOUNTIE... A BOATLOAD ARRIVES EVERY NIGHT! IN A FEW WEEKS WE'LL HAVE ENOUGH FOOD FOR A SIZEABLE RAID! WITH YOUR HELP OF COURSE!



WIDING GLESS, SQUINTY! YOU'LL GET NOTHING!

THE SOLDIERS ARRIVE...

GOOD! I GO TO MEET THEM-- WATCH OUR

FRIEND-- WE'LL TEACH HIM TO SEE OUR WAY LATER!



I'VE GOT TO GET UP THERE SOMEHOW... THIS PLACE IS BECOMING AN ARMED FORT-- WE'VE GOT TO NOTIFY THE AUTHORITIES... HMM-- NOW LET'S SEE--



UGH--!

WHAT IS?



THIS IS!

NOW FOR THE STAIRS!



OH-- OH!

STOP!



I'LL NEED THAT GUN, PAL TO SAY HELLO TO YOUR SUN-BROTHERS!



OUT ON THE WALL...

THEY'VE LANDED... COMING UP THIS WAY...



THIS IS IT!



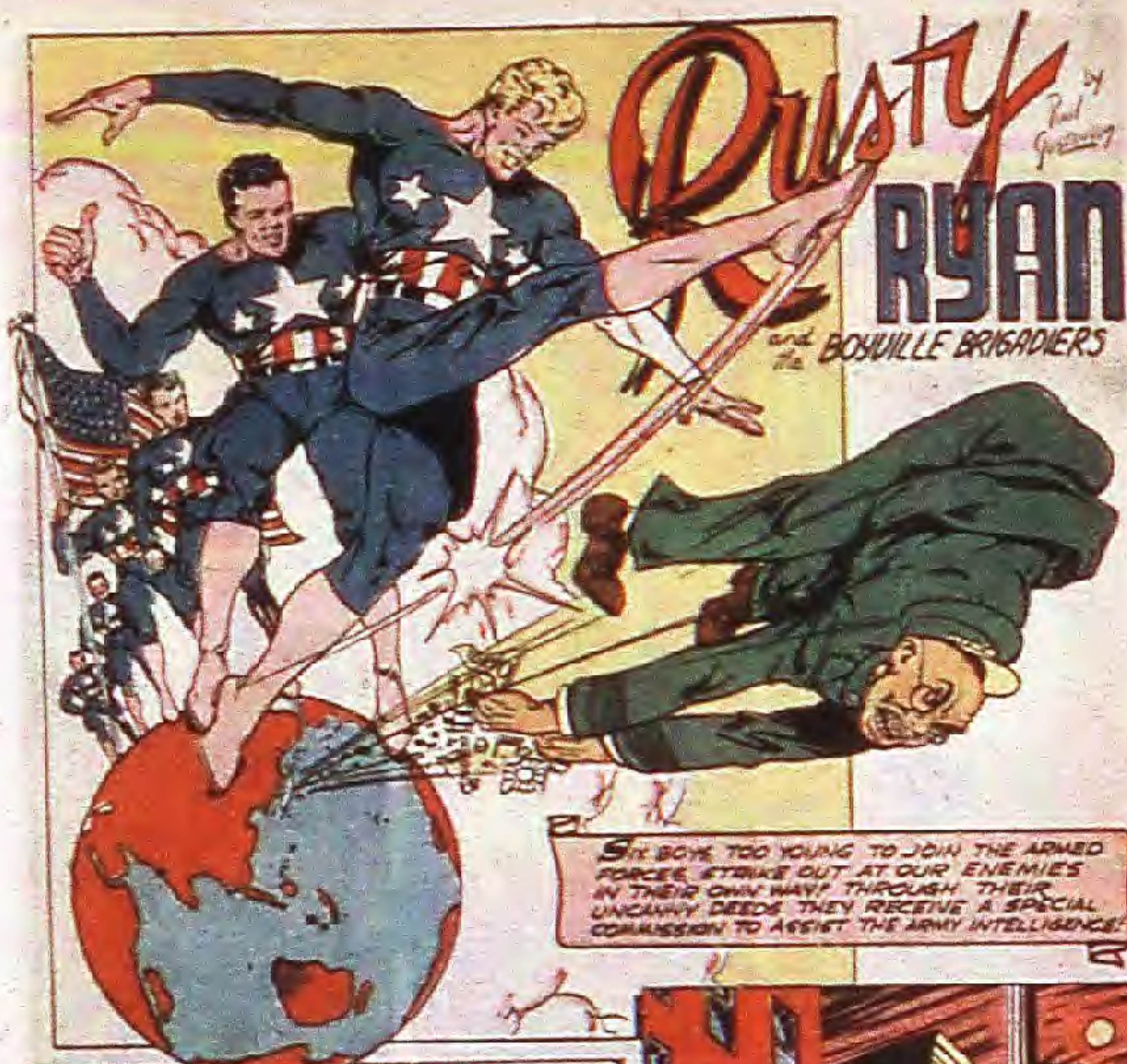
SUDDENLY A DEAFENING ROAR
FILLS THE FORT...



BEFORE
THEM
IN THE
MOONLIGHT



Are you following Blackhawk each month in MILITARY COMICS?



Dusty RYAN

by Paul Green
and the BOYVILLE BRIGADIERS

SIX BOYS TOO YOUNG TO JOIN THE ARMED FORCES STRIKE OUT AT OUR ENEMIES IN THEIR OWN WAY THROUGH THEIR UNCOMMON DEEDS THEY RECEIVE A SPECIAL COMMISSION TO ASSIST THE ARMY INTELLIGENCE!



WHAT'S THE TELEGRAM SAY, RUSTY?

REPORT TO WASHINGTON AND BRING ME THE CHINESE DOLL! SIGNED MAJOR WILSON

A CHINESE DOLL? OH, HE PROBABLY WANTS ONE AS A SOUVENIR! WELL, THERE'S ONLY ONE PLACE HERE WHERE WE CAN GET ONE, AND THAT'S CHOYUNG'S IN CHINA-TOWN. C'MON, START PACKING!



THERE'S THE SHOP FELLA!

LOOK OUT!

YOU MEAN THERE IT WAS!

SAN FRANCISCO





THEN WHY DIDN'T HE SAY SO INSTEAD OF SENDING US A CRAZY TELEGRAM LIKE HE DID?

MAYBE HE HAD TO!



OUT JABBERING MAJOR WILSON WANTS "THE CHINESE DOLL" AND HE'S GOING TO GET HER!

HERE'S A CAR WITH KEYS IN IT! GRAB 'EM!



HOURLY LATER

THINK THOSE JAPS WILL EVER SLOW DOWN?? THEY'VE BEEN DOING SO ALL ALONG THIS MOUNTAIN ROAD!



HEY... HERE'S A CAR PULLING UP BEHIND US!



MORE JAPS! GOSH... THEY'RE CUTTING US OFF!



THEY'RE PUSHING US OFF THE SIDE! HOLD TIGHT!



SOUNDS LIKE YOUR FRIENDS ARE NO MORE!



OOOON... MY HEAD... EVERYBODY OKAY??

I THINK I AM RUSTY! WOW! IT WAS A LUCKY THING YOU WERE ABLE TO CUT THE OTHER WAY!





UH! THEY KNOW OF THE SECRET I CARRY! IF I COULD ONLY GET TO THE BOTTLE OF ACID IN MY SHOE, I COULD DESTROY WHAT THEY WANT!



I'VE

SHHHH!

SILENTLY RUSTY MOVES FROM BEHIND THE PLATON



AS SOON AS I CUT THE STRAPS MAKE A SET-UP FOR THE TUNNEL AND GET AS CLOSE TO THE WALL AS YOU CAN!



OKAY! START MOVING!!



"THE CHINESE DOLL" SHE IS RUNNING AWAY!



FOOLS! DON'T STAND THERE! GET AFTER HER!



MIND IF I GO FIRST!



GET BACK IN THE SHADOWS. HERE THEY COME!



THEY ARE OUT OF THE CAVE ALL READY!





Another adventure of Rusty Ryan and The Boyville Brigadiers in the November issue.

THE GOD WHO TALKED

The long, racy cruiser sped up the Sepik river like an aquatic rabbit. It had reason to speed. From both shores of the river there came a constant shower of arrows and poison darts, deadly little devices of the Sepik head-hunters. None of the natives showed themselves, since they had tasted white man's rifle fire on other occasions.

Perry Scott manned the helm in the bullet-proof cabin and argued with Spike Hendon, his chief officer. Spike was all for opening fire on the invisible snipers.

"Look, Perry," he said for the tenth time, "No use runnin' from these devils; give 'em a taste of hot lead an' they'll lay off us."

Perry shook his head. "No dice, Spike. They can't hurt us with their arrows—and we have to come out this way, you remember."

Spike grumbled but said no more about shooting head-hunters.

Perry fell to pondering their mission. Simpson had cabled him in Pandang a month before. Simpson owned one of the best gold mines in New Guinea, far up the Sepik river. For three months not a word had come out of the jungle from his company. Some thirty men were stationed at the mine, and it had been the rule to send a cable to Pandang every two weeks, reporting progress. Then came the Japanese invasion, and sudden silence had settled over the gold operations.

Simpson was afraid that his men had been murdered. "So if you'll undertake the job," he had cabled Perry, "I'll make it right with you. But something must be done."

And now Perry and his small crew were less than twenty miles from the Simpson mine. What would they find?

"Prob'ly the Japs mowed 'em

down," Spike hazarded. "They been mowin' everything else down in these parts."

"I somehow don't think so," Perry replied. "It looks suspicious, of course, but I just have a hunch it isn't Japs causing this silence."

By four o'clock in the evening, they were within sight of the mine workings. The natives had melted into their impenetrable jungles, and now Perry and a couple of the crew were on deck, with binoculars.

"Don't see a sign of anybody," Spike said.

It was almost dark when they moored the cruiser to the mine docks. There was an uncanny silence about the big mine that boded evil. Perry and three members of his crew armed themselves and stole ashore. No use taking chances. Blow-guns make no sound, and the tiniest scratch from a poisoned dart causes almost instant death.

The office was their first objective. The door stood open, and Perry and Spike entered. Perry snapped on his flash and shot the beam around the interior. It didn't look as if raiders had touched anything. An open ledger lay on the bookkeeper's desk. Perry glanced at the entries; the last ones were dated five weeks before.

The safe was untouched, as were the filing cases.

"Funny, eh?" said Perry. "They seem to have just vanished. I wonder what we'll find in the mine?"

"Let's go see," said Spike.

They followed the main entrance drift for a half a mile, seeing the great ledges of gold-bearing quartz. The stalls where the several mine mules had been kept were bare.

"Natives prob'ly ate 'em," said Spike laconically. "I ate a horse steak once; wasn't bad."

"Sssh!" Perry held up his hand for silence. He pointed into a dark side drift. "Heard something," he whispered. They crept the drift. It ran straight for several hundred yards, then made an abrupt turn to the right.

Suddenly both men heard the sound—a shout.

"Came from up ahead," said Perry. "Hurry, Spike."

But fifteen minutes passed before they came to the end of the drift, which opened into a natural volcanic crater several hundred yards across. A full moon looked down into the deep hole, lighting up the lava rock in silvery radiance.

"Don't see a thing," said Spike. "Sure makes a swell hiding place. Couldn't spot this hole even in a plane."

"Look!" Perry said, pointing. A shadow moved across the crater floor, some fifty yards from where they stood in the mouth of the drift. It halted, as if listening.

"Man or ghost?" Spike whispered.

"Man. One of our blow-gun lads."

"Maybe we'd better take a pot shot at him," Spike essayed.

Perry gripped Spike's arm. "We'll follow him."

The native had turned and was now making tracks across the volcano floor at a good clip. Perry and Spike fell in behind him, going as quietly as they could over the hard lava. But the native outdistanced them.

"Come on—" Perry's words had hardly issued from his lips when they heard distant shooting.

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"Say, that sounds like the boys are having some trouble," said Spike. "Maybe we'd better get back."

It took them forty-five minutes to reach the outlet of the main drift. They could see flashes of gunfire from the deck of the cruiser, and they heard the crew yelling.

"Don't see any natives," Spike said. "Where—"

"They're under cover, shooting their blow-guns. Look, there goes a wave of 'em for the ship!"

Spike unlimbered his rifle and began peppering the bunch. He yelled like a madman. Spike loved a fight.

Perry heard several softly sighing sounds, followed by thuds, as darts struck into the wood framework of the mine drift.

"Down, you big lug!" he said. "You're making a beautiful target."

Spike fell flat, and from a prone position drew a bead on a native running toward them. The little man screamed and toppled on his face.

"That's the way I like to see 'em flop!" gloated Spike. "Come on, you apes!"

Perry had fired only once. He had the feeling that their backs were exposed too much: what was to stop other natives from creeping up on them from behind? He told Spike so.

"You cover the rear," said Spike. "I'll handle these babies out here!"

As Perry turned toward the mine entrance, he caught the shadow of a blow-gun. With a shout he leaped toward the native crouching in the darkness. He got both hands about the man's throat.

"Now," he whispered in the native dialect, "you'd better talk! Where are the miners hidden? What have you done with them?"

The man sputtered and blubbered for a moment after Perry released his throat.

"Me don' know," he got out.

Perry held a big automatic at his head. "Maybe this will jar your memory. Talk!"

"They back in big crater. Gods say no more white man tak' gold."

"Ah, so that's it!" said Perry. "All right, you. I think you're telling the truth. You'll lead us to them."

The firing had died out, and from Spike's conversation it was evident the natives had been scared off.

"We drove the blighters back in the woodwork!" chuckled Spike, blowing through the smoking barrel of his rifle. "Didn't last long enough for me!"

Perry had tied up the native, who lay on the floor of the entrance. Now he pointed to him. "Just grabbed this lad as he was drawing a bead on us," he said. "Pumped him, and he spilled the whereabouts of the miners."

"Good," said Spike. "What do we do with him?"

"He's going to lead us to the men . . . but I think we'd better wait till morning."

They put the captured native in one of the cabins.

In the morning they set out for the volcano. Toko, the Sepik native, led the way. Behind him came Perry, Spike and Ratny, who was handy with the rifle. They reached the crater just as the sun came up. Heavy mists rose like ghosts from the depths of the great hole, obliterating everything.

"We'll have to wait for that to clear," Perry said. "It'll lift fast with the sun beating it."

Then Perry got a sudden idea. "I'm going to take advantage of these mists," he said, "and pull a

fast one. Be back in a while."

He carried a small black box. Its mate, which he had carried along from the ship, reposed in the mouth of the drift.

Perry returned in fifteen minutes, just as the mists were thinning. Now it was possible to see some natives going about the business of breakfasting. In the center of the crater stood a tall, grotesque looking god.

As the mists cleared away, it was apparent that several hundred natives occupied the crater. Impossible to rush them.

"Wait," said Perry. "If my idea works, we won't have to rush 'em."

The natives all arose as the sun came up higher. Then they saluted before their god, chanting some ancient prayer.

Perry went to the little black box, opened it and turned some dials. "Listen!"

Suddenly from the god issued loud words in the Sepik dialect:

"People of the River, the great god Angktol say to you. 'Restore white men to mine. It is theirs. Let them work it in peace, as they are your friends.' It is my word."

The natives went berserk for a moment, then a semblance of order was restored. In a moment the miners were brought out of caves and started on their way toward the main mine entrance. On the way, Perry explained his trick. He had simply placed a radio receiver, with amplifier, in the god, and broadcast in Sepik.

"I'd never have thought of it," Spike grinned.

Perry grinned back. "Who's the brains of this outfit, anyway?"



HOMER DOODLE - AND SON



SAMAR

THE WILD ANIMALS ARE NOT THE ONLY DANGEROUS ELEMENTS INHABITING THE JUNGLE... TREACHERY IN THE SUITS OF HUMANS ALSO STALKS THE WILDERNESS. BUT ALL EVIL HAS TO CONTEND WITH SAMAR, PROTECTOR OF THE WEAK AND HELPLESS.



SAMAR RESTS PEACEFULLY IN A JUNGLE TREE, WHEN SUDDENLY...





BUT JUST AS THE ANIMAL IS ABOUT TO LEAP, THE JAMMED GUN FIRES.



YOU SAVE SAMAR'S LIFE, FRIEND? IS THERE SOME WAY SAMAR CAN REPAY GREAT DEBT?

YES, YOU COULD... TELL ME WHERE I CAN FIND THE WASI-WAGI TRIBE. WERE ON AN EXPEDITION SENT TO STUDY THEIR CUSTOMS.



THE BULLET FINDS ITS MARK!!



WASI-WAGI CHIEF MY FRIEND... LIVE ON HIGH MOUNTAIN... SAMAR WILL LEAD THE WAY!



YOU FOOL!—THAT CAT MIGHT HAVE TORN YOU TO SHREDS! IMAGINE RISKING YOUR NECK FOR SOME WILD MAN!



SAMAR WELCOME! WHO ARE WHITE MEN?

THEY ARE SAMAR'S FRIENDS, OH GREAT CHIEF!



LATER IN THEIR TENT...



WASI-WAGI PEOPLE TRUST SAMAR... TRUST FRIENDS... WELCOME!

THANKS, CHIEF!

THAT NIGHT, AT THE TRIBAL CELEBRATION GIVEN IN HONOR OF THE VISITORS...

HEY, JOE, LOOK! THOSE NATIVES ARE CARRYING GOLD OUT OF THAT TEMPLE!



SHH! TONY'S ASLEEP. C'MON... WE'RE GOING AFTER THAT GOLD!

WAIT! YOU CAN'T DO THAT!



THOSE NATIVES ARE OUR FRIENDS. WE CAN'T... ONLY...

YOU HEAR TOO MUCH. BETTER GO BACK TO SLEEP!



C'MON! LET'S GET THAT STUFF AND BEAT IT!



SUP! THE CHIEF'S DAUGHTER STIRS RESTLESSLY IN HER SLEEP. AND...

WHITE MEN WALK IN NIGHT? SOMETHING WRONG... I FOLLOW!



THEY GO IN TEMPLE!

CUT IT OUT! YOU JUST GOT 'THE WILLIES'!

HEY! DON'T YOU FEEL LIKE SOMEONE IS WATCHING US?



FILL YOUR POCKETS FAST. WE GOTTA...

THE CHIEF'S DAUGHTER!

STOP! WHITE MAN THIEF! STEAL!



SHOT UP, SISTER, OR I'LL HAVE TO PLUS YOU!



WE MIGHT AS WELL TAKE HER ALONG. SHE'LL MAKE GOOD PROTECTION, IF THE CHIEF COMES AFTER US!



SOON...

HEY! WE'RE GOIN' AROUND IN CIRCLES! WE'RE LOST! O.K., LADY, LEAD THE WAY TO THE RIVER OR ELSE!



WHITE MAN STUPID! LEAD WAY, BUT I LEAVE SYMBOLS ON TREES FOR WASH-WASH WARRIORS TO SEE!



SPIN SHAW

of the

NAVAL AIR CORPS

BY
RAY
SMITH



"GOLD! BARRICKS HITLER, WE MUST HAVE MORE GOLD! GOLD! RASPE GOESBELS. 'THE RECH MUST HAVE GOLD OR WE ARE LOST!' AND THE NAZI FIFTH COLUMN GET THEIR ORDERS TO DELIVER IT... YES... DELIVER IT ALL COSTS. BUT SPIN SHAW GETS WIND OF THE NAZI DILEMMA AND VOWS TO STOP THE BLOOD CRAZED HUNG EVEN IF IT MEANS DEATH FOR HIMSELF!"

THE AIRCRAFT CARRIER ON WHICH SPIN SHAW IS STATIONED, LIES OFF A TROPIC ISLAND. ON BOARD IS SATOUCHE, THE FRENCH GOVERNOR.



CAPTAIN SHAW, WE CONSIDER THE UNITED STATES A VEREE CLOSE FRIEND OF OUR COUNTRY DEES VISIT OF HER NAVY TO OUR ISLAND SEEVS US THE GREATEST PLEASURE!



IT IS RUMORED THAT THE FRENCH ADMINISTRATION ON THE ISLAND WILL TURN THE GOLD RESERVE OVER TO THE NAZIS AND



POOH! POOH! SUCH NON-SENSE ON THE RADIO! SUCH STORIES ARE RIDICULOUS!







SUDDENLY A VICIOUS
BLOW FROM BEHIND
DROPS BRIN IN HIS
TRACKS



SEIZE ZAT
GIRL! WE
TEACH ZEM
BOTH ZE
LESSON!



FRANT, SHOOT
ZEM! WE CANNOT
TAKE ZE CHANCE
ZAT ZEY EVER
TELL WHAT
HAPPENED?

JAHERR
GOVERNOR...
DIS ISS
WIN CHOB
I VILL
ENJOY
DOING!



I MUS' DO SOME-
THING QUEEK OR
WE BOTH DIE!

OW!
MY
HEAD!



HOW YOU LIKE
ZE KEECK IN ZE
SHIN, NAZI PEEG?



FOR OYE I THINK
I BREAK YOUR NECK
INSTEAD OF SHOOT-
ING YOU!



YOU MUNS
JUST LOVE
FIGHTING WOMEN.
EHT WE'LL TRY
ANOTHER TASTE
OF THIS!



THERE GO THE
PLANES, BUT
WE'LL CATCH UP
WITH THEM!



WAIT! THERE'S
THE GOVERNOR
GETTING INTO HIS
CAR! WE'LL TAKE
HIM WITH US!
HE'S GOING TO
HAVE TO DO
SOME EXPLAINING.



TAKE YOUR TIME,
GOVERNOR! WE'D LIKE
YOUR
COMPANY!

CROWDING THE GIRL AND THE
GOVERNOR INTO HIS PLANE. BRIN
TAKES OFF AGAIN...

SOON SPIN IS CLOSING IN
ON THE NAZIS.

DOTS DER
AMERIKANER!
OPEN FIRE
ON HIM!

SO THEY
WANT A
FIGHT.
BUT IT
TAKES
TWO TO
PLAY
THAT
GAME!

MOVING STEADILY OUT TO
SEA, THE TWO PLANES
CARRY ON A RUNNING
DOG FIGHT.

ZE GOVERNOR
HAS BEEN
SHOT!

CHANGE TAKES THE PLANES OVER THE
AMERICAN AIRCRAFT CARRIER...AND
THEN SPIN CATCHES THE NAZI CRAFT
DEAD IN HIS SIGHTS.

HERE
SHE
GOES!

THE DOOMED PLANE
CRASHES ON THE
DECK OF THE
CARRIER.

YOU SEE, CAPTAIN, THE GIRL
WAS RIGHT. THE PLANE'S
FULL OF GOLD, AND THE
GOVERNOR WAS IN
CHARGE OF THE
WHOLE OPERATION!

WELL, THE
GOVERNOR'S
TRICK CERTAINLY
BACKFIRED
ON HIM!

WELL, MARIE, YOU SAVED THE
UNITED NATIONS A LOT OF
GRIEF IN TIPPING US OFF
ON THAT GOLD
SHIPMENT!

IT WAS GOOD
TO HELP,
CAPTAIN
SHAW!

A BELL RINGER!



PACKED
WITH
THRILLS

FEATURING AMERICA'S GREATEST COMIC CHARACTER

BLACKHAWK

ALSO THE SNIPER, SECRET WAR NEWS, PHANTOM CLIPPER
AND MANY OTHERS

DON'T MISS THEM!

THE Tootsie Roll OF HONOR

THEY'RE HELPING OUR COUNTRY. ARE YOU?



THIS TOOTSIE FAN collected 931 pieces of aluminum for defense! Plenty of Tootsie Rolls help keep him on the go.



YOU SHOULD SEE 12-year-old Jane roll bandages like a pro! She gets plenty of food energy from Tootsie!



BOBBY AND BETTE ACT for the U. S. A. Tootsie has collected over 8,000 pounds of paper. The whole town is proud of them! ...and they eat the Tootsie Rolls!



IT'S ONLY 11¢ for this little Tootsie, yet it's packed with every delicious flavor you'll ever taste! Tootsie's are just the best!



UNCLE SAM SAYS: "Tootsie's are just what you need to keep you going, and that's in every way!" For plenty of Tootsie Rolls. They're full of delicious Tootsie Roll flavor!

EAT A TOOTSIE A DAY
KEEPS YOU DELICIOUS FOR QUICK FOOD-ENERGY!

Only Tootsie Pops have a Heart!

See the picture of a Tootsie Pop cut open, to show you its heart made of Tootsie Rolls! 2 yummy flavors.



1¢ AND 5¢